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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 24, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 4.



INFANT JESUS.

Little one! Pretty one!
Didst Thou come down
From the all glorious
Leaving thy crown?

Little one! Pretty one!
Rosy lips sweet;
Dear little dimpled hands,
Soft tiny feet.

Little one! Pretty one!
Crying for mother!
Hungry and needing care
Like any other!

Little one! Pretty one!
Oh Thou didst make
All babies holy
For thy baby sake!

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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1896.

NUMBER 17.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

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Editorial.

*Out of every clime and people,
Under every holy name,
To the everlasting gospel,
Good and glad for age they came,
So we, in our happy Christmas,
Breathe the universal creed,
Clasping hands with distant ages,
In a brotherhood indeed.*

*Sing aloud then, hearts and voices,
Shout, O new world, free and strong,
Hail of light—the deathless triumph,
Sing of love the joyful song,
Glory be to God the highest—!
Peace on earth, good will to men!
Songs of brotherhood and worship,
Let the world respond again.*

Read Mr. Joiner's letter from Polo in another column. Let those who think with him that the Congress offers an "opportunity," join with him in the purpose to "work."

We have spoken editorially of Milton's Christmas hymn. This was the Christmas offering of All Souls Church of this city this year to its children. A few extra copies were published without the church imprint and are offered for sale at this office. See advertisement.

A letter from the director-general of the Nashville Exposition, received by the Liberal Congress: "Your favor of the 7th was submitted to the Executive Committee at a regular meeting held last Thursday, and a committee was appointed to select gentlemen for a local committee to aid in securing the Congress of Religions for the Centennial, and also to see what arrangements could be made toward providing for a hall."

The situation in Cuba grows more and more pathetic. The exigences of war have ripened into the atrocities of barbarism. We are slow to believe in the necessity of battle and are patient with the reserve of our executive in this direction, but there are other coercions than those which go from powder and bullet. It is high time that negotiations of a decisive character were instituted. It is a low life that a high nation leads when it is not quick to defend the weak and to espouse the cause of the down-trodden. Albeit, war should be the last grim necessity of a civilized nation as a civilized man.

As might be expected, the so-called "religious" papers, the denominational organs, have shown a disposition to write down the Indianapolis Congress. They are charging it with "vagueness," "glittering generalities," "wanting in definiteness," etc., etc. But it is a hopeful sign when they unanimously give some credit to the spirit, testify to some good things done, and recognize ability in spots. This is more of a recognition than a meeting of this kind could ever have received at the hands of these papers before. All these criticisms were dealt out extensively concerning the great Parliament itself, but although it was dismissed as insignificant and of no permanent importance, its spirit is working and its message is finding its way into the hearts of our churches and affecting the core of our denominations.

The little book entitled, "The Vision of Christ in the Poets," published by Curts and Jennings of Cincinnati and Eaton and Mains of New York, is a modest little ninety-cent book, but it is wisely conceived, and many more pretentious Christmas publications will have less claim upon popular sympathy and interest, and still less wearing power. Prof. Pearson of the Northwestern University has a thoughtful reproduction. Milton, Wordsworth, the two Brownings, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell make their contributions and the principle of selection is so broad as to

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include "In Memoriam," parts of "Saul," Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children," Wordsworth's character of "The Happy Warrior," Whittier's "My Soul and I," Longfellow's "Legend Beautiful," and Lowell's "Glance Behind the Curtain." It is a book to keep, and one that will wear, where the complete editions of these poets may not go. We thank these workers for thus deepening the Christmas graciousness.

The following bits from recent letters received from the directors of the Congress at the secretary's desk, are interesting to our readers: From Vice-President T. W. Higginson: "I cordially approve the Nashville plan. We are to have a meeting of the F. R. A. directors about it after Christmas." From Vice-President R. Heber Newton: "I note with great pleasure the interests of the last Congress. I regret the postponement of distinctive missionary work. It appeals to me strongly. I view with deepening regret the denominational jealousies which have stood in the way of what seems to me so eminently a practical and unsectarian effort as that contemplated by the Congress. May the time soon come when it can be taken up." From Director John Faville, Appleton: "I am grateful to the Congress for its courtesy in continuing me as a director. I will do what I can to advance its interests. I am heartily in favor of the Nashville plan."

Prof. John Graham Brooks of Harvard University has just closed a three months' extension work in connection with the University of Chicago. Mr. Brooks' lectures have made a profound impression wherever they have been given. He speaks with the authority of a student and has been able to secure a hearing among those who most need to be guided into right thinking along sociological lines. Last Sunday night, at Mrs. Conley's, Mr. Brooks spoke to a select audience on "The problems of Associated Charity." We are sorry to say that Chicago still has intelligent citizens and earnest men who distrust the wisdom or who do not see the need of any co-ordination of charitable institutions, or at least any need of separating the scientific study of the poor from the material aid giving to paupers. These men had their hearing. We hope they went away to think a little more persistently on these lines. Conservatism is obstinate wherever displayed, most obstinate when found in connection with conscience and the deep ruts of good habits.

Christmas Regained.

A clever definition of Christmas has been recently given by a commercial gentleman. It is as follows: "Christmas is an institution which compels people to spend money they have not got for things they do not want." This puts the commercial side of the modern Christmas in an extravagant way and this represents one of the abuses. Another abuse equally to be deplored is the tendency that reduces Christmas into a puppet show for the entertainment of small children. Santa Claus, the roly-poly giver of presents, decorated with his furs and filthy stub of a pipe, is a poor caricature of the Saint Nicholas of the Mother Church, who gave away his inheritance to save three girls from

dishonor, who was the patron saint of boys, he who as a babe refused his mother's breast on fast days.

To restore Christmas we must needs return to the simplicity of the stable and the gravity of the peasant boy in the temple. There is place for comedy as for tragedy. Christmas is a fitting season for merriment, and we believe that life should be jolly at times in order to be strong and faithful, but the sober side of life brings the highest joys and the kindest emotions. In order to realize this we need to familiarize ourselves at Christmas time with the great inspirations of Christendom, not simply the sublimated, emasculated something we call "Liberal Christianity," but the mighty historical movement we call Christianity entire, Christianity with its miracles and its priesthood, its cardinals and cathedrals, its stately chants as well as lovely carols; Christianity, with its infant God and its triune Deity; Christianity, with the sanctities and mysteries that were tangible and appreciable to rude people and low intelligences. This is the Christianity that has or is preparing Europe and America for the Universal Religion, the natural religion, the religion of law and of love, which alone will satisfy the truly developed, the emancipated soul. If we would give to our children something of the secret of the power of the historic Christ, let us take them to the early mass of the Catholic church on Christmas morning. If older minds would discover the same power, let them consult the masterpieces of Christian literature. Let them study the greatest of Christmas hymns in the English language, John Milton's hymn, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and remember that it was written by one who early dedicated his life to a high calling, the spotless youth who cherished "a pure mind and a pure body," whom the fellow students in the Cambridge University called "The Lady of Christ's."

In 1887 George W. Childs, the banker philanthropist of Philadelphia, offered to place a Milton memorial window in St. Margaret's Church, over which Archdeacon Farrar then presided, and he asked our own Whittier to write four lines for the window, "because," to use his own words, "Whittier would feel the fullest sympathy with the great puritan poet whose spirit was so completely that of the Pilgrim fathers." He further said, "I think if Milton were now living he would have chosen you to speak for him, as being the poet with whose whole tone of mind he would have been most in sympathy." In response to this invitation our Quaker poet, in his old age, sent these lines:

"The new world honors him whose lofty plea
For England's freedom made her own more sure,
Whose song, immortal as its theme, shall be
Their common freehold while both worlds endure."

This is the poet who, in the ardor of youth, in the twenty-first year of his age, wrote his "Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity," which Hallam thought the most beautiful ode in the English language. In a Latin letter to a friend and schoolmate, written on the Christmas day that gave the poem birth, he thus describes its origin:

"We are engaged in singing the heavenly birth of the King of Peace, and the happy age promised by

the holy books, and the infant cries and cradling in a manger under a poor roof of that God who rules, with his father, the kingdom of heaven, and the sky, with the new-sprung star in it, and the ethereal choirs of hymning angels, and the gods of heathen eld suddenly fleeing to their endangered fanes. This is the gift which we have presented to Christ's natal day. On that very morning, at daybreak, it was first conceived. The verses which are composed in the vernacular, await your criticism; you shall be the judge to whom I shall recite them."

These words prepare us to take in the poem entire that which enables us to regain the Christmas that is lost to many. It interprets for us not only the power of historic Christianity, but the beauty, majesty and potency of the Christ of Christendom, the great redeemer of the sin-tossed multitudes, the incarnate God of the soul-transforming mediatorship. Let us not make the mistake concerning this Christmas hymn which the theologians and the dogmatists have made concerning the great "Epic of the Fall of Man," mistaking poetry for philosophy, flights of the imagination for history, and poetic fancy for revelation and dogma. As a matter of fact Milton's own thought concerning many of these subjects, revealed in the last thing he ever wrote, "A Treatise on Christian Doctrine," which treatise was lost for 150 years and only discovered in 1823, shows that Milton's own thoughts concerning Jesus and many other subjects was anything but orthodox. In that tract it becomes apparent that he was an antitrinitarian. With Locke and Newton, he laid aside the incomprehensibilities of the Trinity and taught the created and subordinate character of the Son, distinct from the Father, inferior to him, the first of creation's glory. In this tract he argued against the popular theology that "God created the universe out of nothing." He held to the quaker doctrine of continued revelation and the inner light. He rejected infant baptism, the Mosaic Sabbath, which is also the Puritan Sabbath. But in this Christmas hymn he dealt not with the doctrine and dogmas of Christendom, but with the emotions, the idealities that awoke Europe into life; that kindled its imagination until it bloomed into poetry and civilization. The hymn is introduced with a four-stanza prelude and apostrophe to the muse. The poet awakens before the dawn and realizes the eventful day about to be commemorated, and he appeals to the muse for the inspiration that will enable him to lay a worthy present at the babe's feet. He would anticipate the "star-led wizards" and lay his ode at the blessed feet, that the voice of the muse may join with the angel cry."

"See how from far upon the eastern road

The star-led wizards haste with odors sweet!

Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,

And lay it slowly at His blessed feet!

Have thou the honor first thy Lord to greet,

And join thy voice unto the Angel choir,

From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire."

The hymn begins with a description of nature's mood. She "had doffed her gaudy trim" and hid her nakedness with "innocent snow." The third, fourth and fifth stanzas delight in the purported historical fact that there was no war throughout the world, the key-

note of perhaps the second greatest Christmas hymn, by Alfred Domett. The doors of the temple of Janus at Rome, according to the traditions, were closed that day because there was "peace throughout the world." Its doors were open only during war and for the warlike. The sixth and seventh stanzas dwell upon the sublimity of the night. Lucifer, the son of Day, had retired, because "a greater sun was about to appear." In stanza eight, we see the "shepherds on the lawn chatting," and we realize that the poet and not the theologian speaks, for he speaks of the Christ-birth as the coming again of "mighty Pan." In stanza nine the shepherds are startled with "music sweet." The air is thrilled with harmony. In stanzas ten and eleven the heavenly hosts appear, the cherubim and seraphim, and in stanza twelve, the universe "hangs on its hinges" in impressive suspense. In the next stanza the poet calls upon the stars to join in the high music, for if they can prolong the strain, surely vanity and sin and hell itself will vanish, and truth and justice and mercy will triumph and heaven will open wide its gates, as set forth in stanzas fourteen and fifteen. But such is not the decree of fate. He who is to redeem is yet a smiling babe, and he must grow to bear the "bitter cross," fight the horrid forces ere the old dragon underground is to be bound—this thought is expressed in stanzas sixteen, seventeen and eighteen. The next six stanzas pass in review the dominant divinities of the day; the gods of the elder world one after another are struck dumb and slink away. The oracles of Greece, the Lars and Lemures of Rome; the idols of Phœnicia, Lybia and Tyre; Moloch, the brutish gods of the Nile, and the sanctities of Memphis, all feel the weight of the "infant's hand," and while the sun "still in bed is curtained," each fettered ghost slips to his several grave. Then in the closing stanza the poet becomes mindful that his song is too long drawn out, becomes tedious, and so he cuts short his offering at the cradle of the Christ-child, and he leaves him in the courtly stable, where "bright harnessed angels sit in order serviceable."

This much of introduction is offered in the hope that it will lead many of our readers to study the great poem for themselves. It is always to be remembered that high poetry lends itself not to easy reading and the great poets revenge themselves on those who visit them but once. Whatever the thought defects and the false theology in this poem may be, they are discoverable only to him who passes beyond and does not stop this side of the sublimity there presented. It is by rising to these levels and then passing still higher that the believer in universal religion is to regain the Christmas spirit in its simplicity and seriousness. Recognizing the sublimity of its history, the majesty of its power, do we in the name of universal religion, bid our readers a Merry Christmas!

The President's Message.

The church is not the state, but it is interested deeply in all civic progress. We therefore owe no apology for discussing the message recently sent to Congress by President Cleveland. These messages, as a rule, are never acted upon by Congress, and little attention

is paid to them by the people. It is, however, of vast importance to us to have a president in whose judgment we can have confidence; for while his message is not influential it is indicative. It shows what he will try to accomplish when he has a chance, and the chief executive finds opportunities, as we know very well, to affect our public policy.

So far as foreign policy is concerned our president has always been conspicuous for the unexpected. While running a close risk of war with England, he has allowed an outrageous war of annihilation to go on in Cuba, as if we were bound to interfere for some boundaries for Venezuela in South America, while we were diplomatically prevented from interposing to stop the butchery of our nearest neighbors.

Turning to home affairs, this message, spoken of generally as a rather dull affair, is very far from being such. It is not a great paper in the way of startling suggestions, but it is more than great in its deeply pondered analysis of our civic and financial conditions. After all the protracted contest between the monometalists and the bimetalists the message probably expresses the after conclusion of both parties that the government must return to constitutional limitations and get out of banking. Mr. Cleveland says he is more assured than ever that we can have no financial soundness until government obligations necessarily payable in gold are withdrawn from circulation. The muddle into which our persistent extra constitutional governmental policy has plunged us is admirably shown by him. But let us understand farther that this assumption of power on the part of the national government—over and beyond what the constitution grants—is not felt in our currency alone. It is leading us in many ways into a tangle that bids fair to destroy federal unity and create consolidated government. Every student of politics and history comprehends that a consolidated government cannot long hold together over a whole continent.

Mr. Cleveland's discussion of trusts and monopolies is necessary as well as wise. But that legislation can yoke in business combinations and make them pull for altruistic ends is hardly supposable. We have got to go back and find where in our institutional life lies the cause of such monopolistic use of capital. That it has been due in a large measure to the sudden invasion of steam power into our quiet lives about seventy years ago, is not doubtful. That we are also near the end of the steam age is equally certain; and with another world-power—possibly electricity—we shall probably see enormous social and business transformations. The possible concentration of wealth will be immensely lessened. But another provoking cause of these enormous aggregations of power and capital has been class legislation. The new doctrine of the Supreme Court that an income tax is never constitutional is only the culmination of a drift of our national government ever since the war of 1860. When it comes to the study of causes and remedies it is clear Mr. Cleveland (with Mr. Olney) is not the man to solve our severest problems. The stability of Republican institutions, of which he says some fine things, ought to mean that we must not run in ruts until we end in ruin. That we wait for another Thomas Jefferson and such a revolution as he wrought in 1800 is evident. Meanwhile it is pleasant to know that selfishness is self-destroying, and that our most troublesome trusts are falling to pieces of dead rot.

E. P. P.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Coming of Christ.

How shall we know the Christ?—ideal truth,
The love and grace of all that makes us men?
Compassion, peace, and purity—as when
High spirit dream is ours of virgin youth?
Comes he from mystic East we love in sooth,
As strangely told by varied gospel pen?
Or must the soul begin its search again—
A gleaner in fair fields—yet sad as Ruth?
We fain must hold in ancient days he came,
A youth intense who moved with grace divine,
And bore with meaning deep his Jewish name,
That he like sun upon our path might shine,
And show to man new glories yet may flame,
New beauties round our noble nature twine!

What Shakespeare to the poets far and wide—
Has been and is and must perforce remain—
For poesy true—a strong immortal gain,—
So Jesus doth the realm of mind divide;
He shows religion robbed of spite and pride,
All sweet and simple as the sun and rain,
Or flowers growing in the verdant plain,—
A thing like light wherein no shadows hide!
From him we learn self-sacrifice and love,
We see them folded fast in human shape;
In him we see the serpent and the dove,
And so forget the wolf and chattering ape;
And we are touched to seek the life above,
And from our burdened life we find escape!

'Tis ever so, the law as wide as human need,
The representative soul shall once appear,
And bring to men the turning of the year,
And show the dream can well become the deed;
He makes thereby a new celestial creed,
And is a star in heaven by which we steer;
And is a thought within us pure and clear,
The lamp of life with living oil to feed!
Old Socrates walks Athens yet, and speaks
In discourse deep and strong, provoking mind
To action—that for truth and right it seeks;
And he, the gentle spirit and refined,
Allures us up the mountain sides and peaks—
Until we too are just and pure and kind!

So not alone in story of the past—
As phantom faint doth he our brother live,
He to our souls doth light and beauty give,
And o'er our path a noonday splendor cast;
He makes life's purpose to the spirit vast,
A thing to serve and love most positive,
Nor drop the days as water through a sieve,
But like rich seeds in soil for aye to last!
O welcome, is the thought within the breast,
The grand ideal kept before the soul,
It turns aside the wish for outward quest,
It puts life's kingdom in our own control,
Yet sets this life forever sweet and blest
A sun round which bright stars in order roll!

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

What the Spirit of Christmas Saith.

(From the New England Magazine.)

TO THE NATIONS.

In view of what the great nations of the earth profess to be, and of the teaching which has pervaded their national life through the many centuries of their existence, their attitude toward one another is simply appalling. It is difficult to look at it and believe that the human race has any claim to be called either rational or moral. They claim to be Christian nations. Their rulers make solemn profession of the faith of the Christ. The Bible is the book of their common respect. They kiss its covers and make oath over its righteous and peaceful pages. They pronounce with seeming reverence the name of the Prince of Peace. They talk of peace in private and in public, and profess to desire it, each of them, above all earthly things. But "the way of peace have

they not known." The secret of its possession "they have hidden from their eyes." The citizens of these nations and their governments and representative legislators act as if they believed that the way of hate is the way to peace; that jealousy and envy are the cure of like dispositions in their rivals. They build massive fortifications against one another. They make huge dynamite guns fit to blow the heart out of the very earth. They collect great armies of the best of their sons, drill the manly will out of them, make them into huge fighting machines, and arm them with all the implements of wrath and destruction which inventive genius can devise. They build hundreds of immense warships and prowl threateningly about the sea with them. To do all these things they rob their populations of the fruit of their labors and put the burden of vast debts on the backs not only of those now living but of their children's children. How much real love for one another is there or can there be in nations which can deliberately and calculatingly keep up such an attitude toward one another? But Christian nations are under as solemn obligations to love one another as are Christian individuals. Without international love, manifesting itself in appropriate deeds, there can never be peace on earth. Armed peace is not peace; it is simply restrained hatred, which is not improved in the least in character by the restraint. Peace does not grow in fortifications. You cannot shoot it from the cannon's mouth, nor breathe it out in the dynamite blast, nor carry it over the ocean in turreted men-of-war.

Why should nations bearing such an attitude toward one another be expected to co-operate in doing a simple act of Christian kindness, like the relief of stricken Armenia? They cannot do it; and the Turk, who is in part their creature, protected on his diabolical throne by their mutual hatreds, their ambitions and their cordon of warships, knows that they cannot do it. Their spirit and his are too much akin! This is the unvarnished truth as to the cause of the permission of that horrible phenomenon in the East, at which all good people have gazed in indignant but helpless amazement for a long twelvemonth—a Christian people hunted down and butchered by the tens of thousands, with half a dozen great powers professedly Christian looking unconcernedly on, with five millions of soldiers and nearly a thousand war vessels at their command!

The spirit of Christmas, which will soon bring us again the message, "peace on earth, good-will toward men," what, in sooth, does it bid us write to these nations? That all this attitude is monstrously wicked and unworthy; that they ought to repent of it, with tears of sincere shame, and abandon it at once and forever; that they dismantle their fortifications and cease building warships; that they stop conscripting and equipping armies; that they lay not the burden of another farthing of the tax of death on their crushed and groaning populations; that they begin at once to "bring forth fruit meet for repentance," in aiding one another in the promotion of all the arts of spiritual, intellectual, civil, social and industrial life. If these great and mighty nations would listen to the Christmas voice, humble themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and then follow the course here indicated,—the only conceivable rational and Christian course,—peace would spring up in a night all over Europe; nihilism and anarchism would die in a day; the Viceroy of China might then travel about Europe and not feel it necessary to take his coffin with him, from fear of assassination at any step of his progress; and even the Czar of all the Russias could cross the English channel without having to make the trip between two frowning lines of warships, and ride through the streets of Paris without the protection of a double line of soldiers and police on each side. But so long as the old spirit remains and the old attitude is maintained, the nations must pay the penalty of their folly and wickedness, not only in money but in fear, degradation and shame.—F. TRUEBLOOD, SEC'Y. AMERICAN PEACE SOCIETY.

TO THE CHURCHES.

There is some truth in the Chinese idea that a right angle is the signature of the devil.

It is possible for a church to be so thoroughly organized

and rubricised that spiritual religion will be driven out. Indeed, exactly that has happened in the history of the Christian church, and, in fact, in the history of all religion. When Jesus came he found the church in just that situation. There was not a clergyman in the whole ecclesiastical establishment whom he chose to be in the company of his apostles. The church people were the persistent enemies of religion.

Jesus Christ was amazingly unconventional. Not only was he born amidst conditions at which the ecclesiastics of his day would have shuddered, but he lived and spoke and thought throughout consistently with that beginning. What he wanted was to get close both to God and to his brother men, and he put aside every hindrance which stood in the way of this divine and human intimacy. No ecclesiastical ordinance did he permit to stand as a barrier between him and God; he entered directly into the divine presence with filial confidence; he spoke to God and God to him without interpreter. And no prejudice nor social tradition kept him from the company of those who were in need of him. He was as much interested in the publicans as he was in the Pharisees, and more. It was characteristically noted of him that he preferred the society of sinners to the company of saints. The social classes of his generation could not understand it. They did not try to understand it. They called him in all honesty and justice by a name which he fully deserved, and which he desired to deserve; they called him "the friend of publicans and sinners."

The impression which one gets from reading the records of his life, seeing where he went and what he did and hearing his conversations and watching him in his dealings with the church life of his time, is that nothing could have been farther from his purpose than that Christianity should become a hard-and-fast system, an ecclesiastical institution in which the letter should be exalted above the life, and personality should be depreciated and individuality discouraged, and emphasis should be set upon the way of doing things rather than upon the things to be done. It is not the doctrine of Jesus that man is made for the church, but that the church is made for man.

The Christmas Spirit, then, calls us back to the unconventionality of Jesus, to the original freedom of the spiritual life. For spirituality is forever free. The ideal Christian life is compared by the Master himself to the wind that bloweth where it listeth, which may, indeed, be kept out by a diligent shutting-to of doors and windows, but which cannot be imprisoned. We make too much of rules and regulations. We set too large a store by constitutions and by-laws. We must painfully and elaborately arrange things. We must meet all conceivable contingencies long before. We must see ahead. We must be provided with a chart. We will not venture into the undiscovered country until we have a map.

And thus some good work goes undone, and some is hindered in the doing, because the workers are stricken with a paralysis of the spirit; and the kingdom of God delays its coming.

We need the naturalness and the fine unconventionality of Bethlehem. We need to emphasize the outdoor side of Christianity. We will do well to get out of the close and heated churches, where the air has a narcotic in it, and the light is dim, and the spirit of ancient and somber respectability pervades the place, into the open sunshine where the wind blows in the trees. The churches may properly ask themselves,—some more than others—if it may not indeed be true that their services are somewhat slow and gray, and without the breadth of life, and that their sermons are somewhat monotonous and commonplace and unhelpful and preached in a tone of voice to correspond. Among the many reasons which are given to account for the absence of men from the services of the churches, may it not be conjectured that some of them stay away because they infer from various experiences that it would not do them any good to go?

The Christmas Spirit brings also to the people of the churches a counsel of simplicity.

Jesus comes as a little child, born in poverty. He grows up in a country village, working every day with saw and hammer in a carpenter shop. He never owned a house, nor is it likely that he ever had any money beyond what was essential to his immediate needs. The details of his life are not, indeed, set forth for our imitation. We are not following him by living in his way, any more than we would be like him by wearing his oriental dress or by speaking in his oriental speech. Because he had nowhere to lay his head we need not set out upon a pilgrimage, abandoning our homes. The real thing is to shape our lives according to his spirit. And that was the spirit of entire simplicity.

We are tempted to believe that the over-elaborate life which we customarily lead is essential to decent existence. Anything less, we think, would be a step toward a lower plane of living. Edward Fitzgerald, in his letters, wrote of one of his friends that he was "a very civilized person."

We somehow feel that in order to be civilized it is necessary for us to have our manifold possessions.

But Jesus lives, for our example, a life in which all things material are reduced to the lowest terms. And it is not only a helpful but a blessed life; it is rich in the most adequate enjoyments; it is as full of genuine happiness as a life may be in a world where men have want and sin for next neighbors, and where opportunity and temptation are waiting at every corner of the street.

The initial need to enjoyment is not many possessions but much appreciation. The Japanese way is wiser than ours, when they adorn a room with a single article of beauty, a vase or a picture, and really delight in it, looking at it day after day, giving it entire attention, and presently taking it away and putting something else in the place of it; while our houses, some of them, are like the show rooms of shops. The simple life may be the richer for the smallness of its possessions. We may be impoverished by our wealth.

It is necessary, also, in order to get sincere enjoyment out of life, that we be in a measure free from anxiety and have a little quiet time. And these are conditions which go only with a simple way of living. A good many people are so busy laying up treasure on earth and so worried in the hard task of keeping and defending it after it is stored away, that they have no leisure and no mind for the treasure itself. Here is one who owns a single book, and gets more light and help and blessed friendship and counsel out of it than his neighbor whose books are marshaled along a hundred shelves. Here is another with a single picture, and that but a photograph or print, who sees more in it than his acquaintances see in all the masterpieces framed in gold which glorify their walls. It is what the Master said, that a man's life consists not in the abundance of the things which he possesses.

The best wealth, after all, is out-of-doors, and costs nothing. The poor man, unless he live in a particularly narrow street, may extend his hand and take it any day. The best pictures are those that live and move, or across which the real clouds drift before the wind. And to possess these pictures of the sky or of the street we need pay nothing but attention.

"A naked house, a naked moor,
A shivering pool before the door.
A garden bare of flowers and fruit.
Such is the place that I live in,
Bleak without and bare within.

Yet shall your ragged moor receive
The incomparable pomp of eve,
And the cold glories of the dawn
Behind yon shivering trees be drawn;
And when the wind from place to place
Doth his unmoored cloud-galleons chase,
Your garden gloom and gleam again
With glancing sun, with falling rain."

Life is very rich and beautiful, if we would but open our eyes and our ears. The Christmas shepherds lying in the chill fields, under the stars, with their sheep about them, see heaven's golden gates ajar and hear celestial harmonies. And so may we, though we be poor as they.

A good many people have an idea that one must live in a good house, and wear good clothes, and be well waited upon, and have money in the bank, in order to be happy. Some of these mistaken folk are already possessors of these privileges, and ought to know better by the testimony of their own experience. Some of them are poor folk who are genuinely unhappy, and are in search of causes and of remedies, and who are led by what they see to believe that the gaining of these material things would bring everlasting joy into their lives. To both may be presented that blessed Bethlehem Christmas, the little village, the stable and the manger, the cattle in their stalls; the peasant mother with her husband, the carpenter, men coming in out of the fields in their working clothes bringing their shepherd's staves in their hands, and the December stars shining over all. Life is here at its simplest. An example is here set which we will some day—either because we must, or because we will—be wise enough to follow. The richest life that was ever lived was lived by one of the poorest of the sons of men.—DEAN HODGES OF THE EPISCOPAL DIVINITY SCHOOL, CAMBRIDGE.

FROM SINAI AND MOUNT OLIVET.

We think that if the Christmas Spirit, from the top of some Olivet or Sinai,—for the Christmas Spirit haunts both mountains,—were at this time to address itself particularly to the United States, it would begin directly with the political situation, with the political campaign just ended and the immediate future to which it is the threshold. It would say: Why do you talk and why do you think so of each other? You are brothers, set by God in one family. Act then like brothers. If there are differences between you, do not hurl epithets, do not proceed straightway to hate each other, but seek, as brothers and not as jealous partisans, to find out the true grounds of difference, to find out what evil there is in the nation, what source of discord or of danger, and remove it.—EDWIN D. MEAD, EDITOR.

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Each new baby born is God's own child,
As much as he on Mary's lap who smiled.

MON.—What was it he in tiny hands did bring?
The Christmas hope, that through the ages long
Leads on the nations.

TUES.—He was both light and life;—the man that was to
be.

WED.—So every mother dreams above her boy,
Her good-will glowing in her mother's joy.
But mother's dream divine did fade away.

THURS.—Yet the world was better that he lived and died,
Though he fulfilled not what was prophesied.

FRI.—The hope-crowned Christ-child ever comes anew;
One day, the mother's dream shall all come true.
New heavens, new earth!

SAT.—'Tis God who lures us on and leads the way,
And each illusion, like a veil withdrawn,
Fades like a cloud but to reveal the dawn.

—M. J. Savage.

From "A Christmas Hymn."

(New Style.)

To murder one so young!
To still that wonder-teeming tongue
Ere half the fulness of its mellow'd glory
Had flash'd in mild sheet-lightening forth!
Who knows, had that majestic life grown hoary,
Long vers'd in all man's weakness, woes and worth
What beams had pierced the clouds that veil this voyage of
care!

Not Zeus, nor Baal's throne,
Nor Osiris alone,
But Doubt, or worse assurance of Despair,
Or Superstition's brood that blends the tiger with the hare.

Who knows but we had caught
Some hint from pure impassion'd Thought,
How Matter's links and Spirit's, that still fly us,
Can break and still leave Spirit free;
How will can act o'er-master'd by no bias;
Why Good omnipotent lets Evil be;
What balm heals beauteous Nature's universal flaw;
And how, below, above,
It is Love, and only Love
Bids keen Sensation glut Destruction's maw—
Love rolls this groaning Sea of Life on pitiless rocks of Law!

ALFRED DOMETT.

Santa Claus' Surprise.

(A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY.)

Mrs. Grundy's Comments Three Weeks After.

"It certainly was an unconventional thing for her to do!" said Mrs. Conley—"but then she is never conventional, is she?" "No," laughed Mrs. Dixon. "And a thing which could not help provoking comment," continued Mrs. Conley. "Kind-hearted things almost always do," said Mrs. Dixon. "Who is it says, 'Her honesty doth make a target of her heart to hold the arrows of both friends and enemies?'" "What did her husband say?" asked Mrs. Conley curiously. "Oh, he always goes through three stages, 'consternation,' 'toleration' and 'appreciation.'" "Yes?" interrogated Mrs. Conley, giving her voice an "Oliver" twist. "He was surprised," said Mrs. Dixon. "Think of it! A child from Halsted street way two weeks in her own baby's nursery! How did she know it wasn't coming down with smallpox? How did she know it wasn't a gang of thieves!" shuddered Mrs. Conley. "Who, the baby?" laughed Mrs. Dixon. "No, the parents!" responded Mrs. Conley. "The doctor examined the child thoroughly before Katherine sent it up to the nursery. The parents were—here's my street,—good-bye."

The Story.

It did not look as though Santa Claus was going to remember South Leavitt street, for it lacked only three weeks

of Christmas and not a sprig of holly, not a toy or any sign of his coming was seen on the miserable street. The shivering children hurried through the sleet and storm to the wretched places they called home, which afforded them hardly more comfort than the snow-drifted streets. Santa Claus should have opened his heart in pity and provided sunshine at least for these miserable ones, who knew nothing of the joys of Christmas time. Had he really forgotten them then? Did he bring good cheer only to the homes already full of it, and send these little ones nothing but the added misery of this bitter weather? Oh no! Santa Claus had too big a heart for that, and he was working for their comfort even though they did not know it.

Toward nightfall a woman, scantily clothed and blue with cold, waded through the drifts to a tumble-down house on this dreary street. The door off its hinges had let the snow drift into the hall and up the creaking stairs. The woman's clothes were stiff with snow, her face was wan with suffering from cold and hunger, and her heart heavy as she pushed open a door in the dark upper hallway.

"Poor Milly!" said her husband as she entered the dreary little room, which constituted their home. "How late you are, and how cold, poor girl! And the fire is low for the coal is out." The sick man lifted himself on his elbow and looked wistfully at the poor woman, who sank down by his side overcome with cold, exhaustion and hunger. "She's asleep," said he, lifting an end of the cover and revealing the delicate face of a child of two years. "She coughed dreadfully. I kept her as warm as I could, but I'm afraid we'll lose her, Milly, unless—God knows *what* help can come! Poor little woman, don't break down. It must be better after a little. Oh, the agony of being tied down to this bed and knowing that you are killing yourself out in this bitter weather,—and the baby suffering for food and warmth! Poor little baby! she sobbed herself to sleep for a drink of milk,—there was none. Don't cry little woman. Better days must come. I see by your face you didn't have any luck. Nobody wants agents. They're too busy getting ready for Christmas in their fine houses to take the time to see you. Otherwise Eleanor could have had her milk." The tears rolled down the woman's white cheeks, slowly and stiffly. She arose from the bed and lighted the smudging kerosene lamp. Its cheerless rays revealed a picture of want and misery pathetic in the extreme. The room was furnished with a bed, two chairs, and a broken table, upon which were a few cracked dishes and the remnants of a cold meal,—all the provision the "home" afforded. The small stove in the corner of the low ceiled room was almost black, and the snow was drifting in on the sill, through the loose sash. The storm roared without and rattled the broken window panes miserably. Milly stuffed an old skirt in the cracks, and broke up the empty coal basket to coax the dying embers into a brighter glow. The night descended angrily, and South Leavitt street seemed shut out of even the warmth of the coming Christmastide.

Oh, little Christmas Child whose anniversary was soon to be commemorated, didst thou not come to bless these of the highways and byways, as well as the dwellers in high places?

* * * * *

"Papa, we've dot somefin' to show you," said little Marjory Ramsey, a week later, freeing herself from her father's arms, and pulling him toward the stairs with both little hands. "Come quick, up into my nursery! We've dot a 'sprise for you,—me an' mamma has. It's a baby!" and little Marjory's eyes danced as her father said, "A what?" "A real, live, walkin' baby! Not a doll, but a sweetest little dirl with fuzzy gold hair like Pansy doll's an' blue eyes, an' she's dot my close on; an' hurry, hurry, Papa!"

"Isn't she sweet, Harold?" asked Mrs. Ramsey, patting the fluffy head lovingly, as she led the little stranger over to her husband. "This is the baby I told you about last night."

"Can we keep her, papa?" asked Marjory wistfully, while the little newcomer sidled up to Mr. Ramsey in the friendliest manner possible.

"Are you ready for dinner?" asked Mr. Ramsey, lifting Marjory on his arm, and starting down stairs, "Channing

and Louise will be here within five minutes,—here they are now—"

"What is this about a new baby, Katherine?" asked Mrs. Ramsey's brother, Channing Winthrop. "Marjory has just whispered a great secret."

"Dinner first and secrets afterward," said Mr. Ramsey, leading the way to the table.

"Harold does not approve—at present"—laughed Mrs. Ramsey, "but he will soon. It is the saddest case! Yesterday Marjory and I were getting ready for Christmas when Mary said there was a poor woman at the door selling soap. I went down and she told me such a sad story—she, her husband and baby had been sick (one or more of them at a time), for over a year. For two years he had been unable to get steady work and now he was down with erysipelas, and they had no food, and no coal, and the baby was threatened with pneumonia. I made up a basket and promised to go and see her. I went the next morning,—and oh, you have no idea of the suffering and misery I saw! Think of Marjory sobbing herself to sleep for a drink of milk! Think of no coal such a night as this, and snow drifted into your very room! Oh, I tell you we don't know anything about suffering! The man was lying on the bed, barely able to get about the room, though he said he was much better. Such a young, nice-looking fellow, like you 'Cha!'"

"Thank, you," said Channing, bowing gravely.

"But he was so anxious about his wife and child! I told him not to worry, we'd do what we could. 'This cold weather kills him,' his wife said. 'He could work if it was only summer.' The idea struck me that if Mrs. Polk, whose husband is manager of the hotel at Old Point Comfort, could induce him to give the man a situation in a warm climate, that would be just the thing. So I asked if he would like to go, in case I could get him work. He was very grateful and said he's start at once. So on my way home I telegraphed Mrs. Polk and she answered 'Situation open for man.' I told them I would go to the Relief and Aid Society and get a permit for Milly to go to the hospital, as she needed care, and meantime we'd see what we could do toward filling up their little pantry and coal box. It's astonishing how much one can get for a few dollars at a Leavitt street grocery. I felt as though I was starting housekeeping, as I ordered oatmeal, eggs, bread, butter, tea, milk, sugar, vegetables, etc. It was the pleasantest Christmas shopping I've done in a long time! Many poor fellows are out of work this winter and several were lounging about the grocery store; one of them touched his hat and said, 'Is that for the poor, Missus?' I said, yes. 'And God bless ye, then! Its bad they're all nadin' it this hard winter. I'm out of a job an' ef ye'll let me carry thim baskets for ye to the kirriage it'll be glad I'll be to do that much for 'em!' I can't begin to tell you of my poor family's gratitude when I returned. This morning the man brought the baby over—for I had told them to bring her when they were out canvassing on this side, and leave her, for the day, where she might be warm. When he came back after her to-night I would not let her go, it was storming so bitterly!"

"What is their name?" asked Channing.

"Joseph," said Mrs. Ramsey with a funny little smile.

"Did he wear the coat of many colors?" asked her husband?

"No, he had no overcoat. I gave him your old one and he was very grateful."

"What about his references?" asked Channing.

"That's the strange part of the story," said Mrs. Ramsey. "His name is not really Joseph. That is the name he assumed when he became so poor, out of respect to his own, for Joseph and the 'the prodigal son' are one and the same. My poor man is from a good Southern family. His father was a surgeon of prominence, who died during the yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans fifteen years ago. His grandfather, Dr. Waine, was the dean of the Louisiana Medical College, and died, leaving a very large estate to be squabbled over by numerous heirs. Mr. Joseph should have eighteen thousand dollars of it this minute, but it is all in the hands of a dishonest executor, who has been hanging onto it for seven years, and so the poor Josephs have to starve. His father also left him and his sister quite a legacy,—it was left to their guardian, Mr. Joseph's uncle Henry, the best man in the world, but one who was influenced by his brother-in-law to invest it in some scheme which failed. This brother-in-law, John Breckenridge by name, is a millionaire in Louisville, and for some reason he has not seen fit to reimburse. If all this is not too remarkable for you to believe, listen again! Mrs. Gen. Hinston is his daughter and Mr. Joseph's own cousin! Think of that! You know how elegantly they live. Mary," she continued, as they were leaving the dining-room, "ask Maggie to bring little Eleanor down. Mr. Joseph's name is Jefferson."

"Jo. Jefferson!" said Channing.

"No, George Jefferson. But it does seem to be a tendency for aliases or authors to associate the new name with the

old, or to change the letter. I told him as much, and said if I were writing a story about him I should have called him Mr. Jeffries or Mr. Patterson. He said, 'Oh, don't put me in a story, Mrs. Ramsey. I've done nothing bad enough for that! My sins are all sins of omission, not commission.' I told him not to be afraid, for I didn't know how to write a story, but did you ever hear of a case with so much good story-making material? His prominent family, the weak guardian, the hard-hearted and unscrupulous uncle, the runaway marriage (he didn't say that, but I infer as much), and saddest of all the estrangement from his sister, the only one left in his family. I'm going to try and bring about a reconciliation between them. I think I'll have little Eleanor's picture taken and send her. It must be on account of the wife, who isn't his social equal." Maggie entered the parlor with the little one, who was kissed and petted by Mrs. Winthrop, and trotted to Boston on her husband's knee. She was a dainty baby, with a sweet, refined little face, and Channing's big heart was full of pity as he looked at her—"Hard lines, her going back to that wretched tenement!" he said.

"She shall not leave this house until she is well," said Mrs. Ramsey.

"Then I'll take her," said Mrs. Winthrop, kissing the little one.

"Meantime use this for the ticket to Virginia," said Channing, handing his sister a bank note, "and I'll send a suit or two, and an order on my shoemaker in the morning."

A few days later Mrs. Winthrop received the following letter:

Dear Louise:

Thank you and Channing so much for the clothes, cigars and books. You are so good to offer to take little Eleanor, but your hands are more than full. As this severe weather continues I think she had better stay right where she is, for the girls are very much interested in her. Maggie doctors her through the night, Julia bakes wonderful cookies for her, and Marjory is beside herself with joy in having a "live dolly" to play with. Harold is becoming reconciled, as he sees that Mary doesn't permit Marjory's rights to be interfered with. I'm afraid if Marjory had a little sister, Harold would not be as devoted a father to it as to Marjory, for the sun rises and sets for her, in his eyes. But she doesn't begrudge sharing sunshine with this little tot, who has heretofore known nothing but shadow, and it is lovely to see how generous she is with her playthings. They are "dettin' ready for Tristmas," and we are bound that little Eleanor shall fairly quiver with the joy of Christmas bells and candles. Julia's friends, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, have fallen in love with the little thing, and as they have no children and are hungry to hear little footsteps in their house, I've promised that they shall have her for Christmas and until her mother is well again if her cold is gone by that time. It is wonderful how a helpless baby pulls at everybody's heart strings. Maggie's sister wants her, too; and even Mary, who does not "care for children," but who adores Marjory, admires this little one, and does numberless errands in her behalf. Doctor is so exceedingly kind, too, he won't take a cent for his daily visits to her, and she is almost well again. We can fairly see her grow strong, and the pink in her cheeks is so pretty!

Now comes the dramatic part of the story. You know I told you I was going to telegraph the millionaire uncle without Mr. Jefferson's knowing it. I also wrote a note to Mrs. Hinston. I received the curtest reply from the uncle, who advised me before asking a cautious man of business for information of a private nature, to make myself known, thereby establishing some sort of right to inquire! That didn't scare me a bit, and I wrote him to please telegraph concerning Mr. Jefferson's reliability. He answered, "I would not recommend him to fill a position of trust." As the other references are good I paid no attention to this one and he starts to Virginia to-morrow night. He takes Milly to the hospital in the morning.

Next is the theatrical part. Behold me, your sister, in the dining-room engaged in packing a lunch basket. Door bell rings; an elegant personage is ushered into the parlor. Mary presents a card to your sister, who reads, "Mrs. Hinston," and is ready to faint, for the prodigal son who "would have none" of his relatives is momentarily expected. Your sister enters parlor, greets the lady, who cannot understand why she didn't send the child to a foundlings' home, etc. She also wonders if George intends to run away from his wife, since he is going to Virginia; also is your sister really sure she is his wife, etc. Door bell rings, enter "George" all unprepared for the denouement! Your sister troubled, as she sees the flushed, surprised face of "George," who looks to her for an explanation. The lady kisses George (who bears it manfully) and graciously inquires after his sister! Your sister rushes into the breach with a flurried remark on the weather, and "George" excuses himself and goes up to see the baby. Eleanor had been brought down previously for the lady's inspection, but babies know who love them, and she wouldn't go near her. Exit lady after having read your sister a portion of the millionaire's letter, and stumbled on, "George Jefferson is in Chicago. I advise you to fight shy of him, as he'll make you no end of trouble. I learn this by a letter from a Mrs. Ramsey—who is the woman, anyhow?" Mrs. Hinston said just before her exit, "My husband would not let me rest until I promised to call and inquire after my cousin." (Good for the General.) His wife, however, did nothing more helpful for the family than to "inquire."

Yours,

KATHERINE.

Christmas morning the sun shone brilliantly as little Marjory with arms full of packages went with her mother to the baby's Christmas tree. The shades were drawn, and the house prettily lighted with candles, which winked gaily as they said to one another "We will do our little best to help celebrate Christmas, and make it happy for the baby!" And was the baby happy? She danced like a little marionette, and her big blue eyes could not open wide enough to take in all the glories of that wonderful Christmas tree. Mrs. Ramsey patted the little bobbing, golden

head—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these—" she thought, as the tears shone in her eyes.

"Read this, Harold," said Mrs. Ramsey a few days later, handing her husband a letter. He read:

My Dear Mrs. Ramsey:

How can I thank you and your family for making it possible for me to receive the inclosed Christmas present? This has been the happiest Christmas of my life.

Gratefully yours,

GEORGE WAINE JEFFERSON.

The "present" was a letter from his sister, which said:

My Very Dearest "Wae:"

Thank God, I've found you at last through Mrs. Ramsey's note and a picture of your beautiful baby! Six long years since you left home! And my poor little letters never reached you, or you would have answered them, would you not? Oh, little brother, if you only knew how my heart has ached to see you, to hear from you in all these long years. And now, when at last I've found you, you are ill, your wife at a hospital, and both of you separated from the little one. But only for a short time, God willing, and we shall all be together again, for Milly will love me, will she not? She cannot help loving one who loves her dear one so much. And the little Eleanor—my namesake! I shall feel as though she were my very own. Just think of it—"Wae's" baby! How like you she is when you were her age; like the old picture the little mother used to cry over, when you had run away to sea. Her baby away on the cruel, restless ocean, just because you didn't want them to make a doctor of you! It would have broken her heart, after getting you back safe and sound, if she could have known that after her death you would have run away from me, your only sister, who loved you so. But there; I'll never speak of it again. "Peace on earth and good will toward men." What a happy Christmastide to have given me back my own dear boy! With a heart full of love.

Your

ELEANOR.

Drawing his wife down on his lap and kissing her, Mr. Ramsey said, "You were right, Kathie! I believe you 'most always are!"

LILLIAN W. ROUNTREE.

Thy Kingdom Come.

Thy kingdom come! Yes, bid it come.
But when Thy kingdom first began
On earth Thy kingdom was a home,
A child, a woman and a man.

The child was in the midst thereof,
O blessed Jesus, holiest One!
The center and the font of love
Joseph and Mary and her Son.

Wherever on the earth shall be
A child, a woman and a man,
Imaging that sweet trinity
Wherewith Thy kingdom first began.

Establish there Thy kingdom! Yea,
And o'er that trinity of love
Send down, as in Thy appointed day,
The brooding spirit of Thy Dove!
—Katharine Tynan Hinkson, in *Sunday Magazine*.

A Useful Institution.

"I suppose," said the school teacher's acquaintance, "that you are sorry to see vacation coming to a close."

"No," was the reply. "I think it has lasted long enough to serve its most important purpose."

"You mean that the pupils and their instructors have had a chance to recuperate."

"No; that is an unimportant incident. What I mean is that vacations give parents a chance to realize that their children are not the angels they always assume them to be when they get into trouble at school."—*The American Youth*.

Was Looking for a Queen.

A son of the Marquis of Salisbury is much interested in bee farming, and this very mild hobby resulted in the wildest kind of excitement in the neighborhood of Hatfield recently. It all came about in this manner: Young Cecil, finding one of his hives queenless, sent an order to Welwyn, the nearest town to Hatfield, for a Carniolan queen—a famous Italian bee—and asked to be informed of the probable time of its arrival. The bee dealer sent off the bee by the next train and wired: "The queen will arrive by 3:40 this afternoon." When Lord Cecil reached the station to take possession of his bee he found the place thronged. The telegraph clerk had interpreted the telegram that her majesty was paying a sudden visit to Hatfield, and, being unable to keep such interesting news to himself, the information spread like wildfire.—*Exchange*.

The best way to reach an understanding of the divine, is by study of the human. In the things superior to men, we may always look to find God.—*Lew Wallace*.

Saturday Evening Talks.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO.
REPORTED BY E. H. W.

IX—How Death Began.

Primitive men everywhere think of death as an unmitigated calamity and as something out of the natural order. Somebody is against us, they think, some fell power is at work. There is an enemy among us, and as he is stronger than we are, we are at his mercy. We must have done something to arouse his wrath.

This is the most primitive form of the thought of death. Our Bible myth is a little beyond it. The Hebrew legend has a gleam, and only a gleam, of the ethical element. We are told in Genesis that death came through violation of law; but Adam sinned not against a law of his own being, but against an arbitrary command of his creator. The Genesis legend is a typical one and may be readily classified with scores of other myths, all invented to account for the mysteries of being.

In the light of modern thought it seems perfectly clear that this Genesis story is untenable either as history, as philosophy, or as religion. It is hard to justify it on moral grounds, because the tree that was forbidden was the most desirable and most useful of all the trees in the garden. If the story had been born out of a moral sense, it ought to read somewhat like this: God said unto Adam, Thou shalt eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, but thou shalt not eat of any of the others. The story itself tells us frankly why the tree was forbidden—"Lest he become as one of us, knowing good and evil"—lest he become a formidable rival of his creator.

This is one of the stories which must be told to children in order that we may say the next thing—it is not true. It is meant to account not only for the death of men, but for the death of bird, beast and tree as well, and for thorns and briars, for measles and mosquitoes, in short, for everything we do not like. It is a sweeping narrative to account for a blunder. It is absolutely false, and we must try to put it where it belongs, as a child-story, a savage myth. We should try to state it so clearly that it would disprove itself, and then again so clearly that the children may see its ingenuity and admire it for what it is, the attempt of the primitive mind to explain a pressing mystery.

Several members of the class expressed a wonder that Christendom for nineteen hundred years, and Judaism for hundreds of years still farther back, should have possessed the credulity to believe a tale so lacking in reasonableness. The leader answered that it is the nature of the uncultivated mind to love a short and clear-cut theory of the universe and to dread the vagueness of science. Theology has assumed that the mysteries of life must be accounted for, and has taken upon itself the burden of explanation. Science says the world-story is a long one, and the universe cannot be thus easily accounted for. The untrained intellect will rest without a shadow of evidence on a prettily turned oracular statement. We too often mistake the formulas of human thought for absolute finalities.

Inasmuch as we cannot accept the Genesis theory of death and disaster, we must turn to the uncertainties of science. There is much, very much, that we must leave unexplained. But we know there is no repentant God, interfering with his own purposes, no angry Jehovah who throws the machine out of order at his own caprice. We know that health and disease and tides and eclipses are a part of the same great order, and that death, as well as birth, is a part of the universal plan.

It is true that death everywhere and always, in all conditions of life and with all degrees of intelligence, strikes home, and, for the time being, shatters all our philosophy. We cannot choose but sorrow for our dead, for our grief, like our love, is a part of our human inheritance. But there may be light when we see only darkness. Things which seem very bad often prove in the end to be very beneficent and provident. To primitive man, a thunder storm was an ominous thing, destructive, wholly bad, which to Caliban in his mire could mean nothing but calamity, a visitation of an angry God. A very little knowledge shows it to be the Providence which clears the atmosphere and feeds vegetation. Darkness was for ages considered an entity, an evil, wrought by antagonistic powers. Now we know it is as beneficent as daylight.

Our grief can be made less by thought and purpose. We can turn our tears into consolation. "Tis better that our grief should not spread far," says George Eliot. Our losses do not warrant a gloom which may be conquered. It becomes us as teachers and parents to do all we can to give a cheerful interpretation to this inevitable law of our being.

The Study Table.

Some enterprising Chicagoans have undertaken the publication of a beautiful monthly called "Birds." The first number bearing date of January, 1897, is before us. It is beautifully printed and contains a large number of collected photographs, most of them life size. Each bird is interpreted with a child reading lesson, generally in the way of a letter from the bird to the boys and girls of the United States, and a descriptive page of popular science for older readers. It is conceived in the spirit of the suggestion of the department of Agriculture of Washington, that there should be a "Bird Day" established in the American schools. We commend this beautiful venture to teachers and mothers and children of all ages. It will interest from the two year old to the eight year old.

Some December Magazines.

The North American Review. "Has the Election Settled the Silver Question?" is discussed by William Jennings Bryan. Mr. Bryan maintains that the question is by no means closed and predicts future victory for the advocates of free coinage. Ex-Senator James F. Wilson of Iowa contributes "Some Memories of Lincoln" and gives many interesting incidents indicative of his care for the privates in the Union Army. Mrs. John D. Townsend enters a strong plea in favor of the "Curfew for City Children." The ordinance has already been adopted by two hundred cities.

The Arena. "Practical Christianity as I Conceive It"—a symposium by those who have exemplified it in their lives, Edward Everett Hale, Edward A. Horton, Rufus B. Tobey, Mary A. Livermore, Robert E. Bisbee, is very suggestive reading. An essay on "The Life of the Spirit," by Miss Lillian Whiting, and "The Last Year of Gail Hamilton's Life," by Max Bennett Thrasher, all help to make this number an attractive one.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly. The Table of Contents invites to a closer study, "The Relations of Biology, Psychology and Sociology," by Herbert Spencer, cannot be disposed of in a hasty magazine notice, and the same may be said of almost every article in this valuable number.

The Review of Reviews contains two notable articles on child training, "The Kindergarten Age," by Hezekiah Butterworth, and "Child Study in the Training of Teachers," by E. A. Kirkpatrick. Both articles are illustrated and Mr. Putterworth bears this testimony to the results of kindergarten training. The results of kindergarten education in the older kindergartens in this country have been noble harvests from good seed. It has been stated on authority that out of 10,000 children of the toiling classes, who received kindergarten education in one of our largest cities many years ago, only one has been arrested, and that he was discharged. This is the education of the whole mass that educates.

The New England Magazine. This issue is one which every lover of Emerson will wish to possess. Mr. F. B. Sanborn's article is accompanied by almost all of the portraits of Emerson known to exist, nearly twenty of them taken at all periods of his life. "What the Christmas Spirit Saith Unto the Churches," by Dean Hodges, of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, and "What the Spirit of Christmas Saith to the Nations," by Dr. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society, are an inspiration to higher living and nobler doing, both in public and private life.

The Symposium. A monthly literary magazine, edited and published by George W. Cable. The third number of the first volume lies before us. The present number justifies its right to be. "In the Land of Lorna Doone" and "A Visit from Barrie," are delightful reminiscences. "Georgiana's Mother," by Gen. Anderson Morris, is a very tender little sketch of a Kansas woman's self-renouncing love.

Additional Study Table Items page 272.

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Weekly.

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."

The Powell Church.

My Dear UNITY:—I have just read Mr. Powell's noble and timely words ("After the Congress, What Next?") and wish to enroll my name as a life member of the "Powell Church." You shall have the \$25 just as soon as I can get my hands on it. No, we are not going to allow Mr. Jones to be killed off, for the time has arrived when we cannot spare THE NEW UNITY, and I for one feel that the "Liberal Congress," if it is to realize our fondest hopes, must have the strength and support which the paper has always given to it. The congress was a success in more ways than we realize. In making the change from "Authority for Truth" to "Truth for Authority," it is impossible to avoid some friction. But every gathering like the one at Indianapolis helps to lessen the friction.

It helps us all to see our way clearer as to the best methods to be used in constructive work, and how not to waste our energies in fighting dead issues. The need for our work is unlimited and imperative. All thinking men see that the old check of fear of punishment in another world has lost or is fast losing its hold upon the masses of the people, and that large numbers of them are now drifting, as it were, the ready prey of the demagogue or charlatan. They have yet to learn that our only salvation lies in the doing of right because it is right; that the laws of right and justice are a part and parcel of the laws of the universe. Here to my mind lies our opportunity and our work. Of its magnitude and pressing need it would be a waste of time to enlarge upon. If our beloved country is to fulfill its "Manifest Destiny" somebody must see that this educative (and that includes religious) work is done.

Yours sincerely,

ALVIN JOINER.

Polio, Ill., Dec. 18, 1896.

CHICAGO.—All Souls Church celebrated the thought side of Christmas last Sunday in a union service, at the close of which a beautiful printed pamphlet prepared for the purpose, containing Milton's "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity" was distributed among the children as something for them to keep and grow up to. On Wednesday the

merry making side of Christmas was observed, each class in the Sunday school dressing and loading a little Christmas tree which was sent next day to homes in the Helen Heath Settlement. On Sunday evening next there will be an evening given to "Christmas in Song." The perennial carols and old tunes will be sung by a choir of sixteen voices. Miss Rose M. Eversole will play on the piano, and Mrs. Elinor Morgan Neely will give some harp numbers, and the pastor will read from Paul Dunbar and Ian Maclaren; the whole in charge of Prof. Apmadoc.—Rev. Caroline J. Bartlett of Kalamazoo exchanged with Rev. Mr. Stolz last Sunday.

Good Books for Children.

BOOKS APPROVED SINCE OCTOBER, 1896,
BY THE LADIES' COMMISSION ON
SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKS.

Slav Tales. Fairy tales of the Slav peasants and herdsmen. Translated from the French of Alex. Chodsko, by Emily J. Harding. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.) \$1.00. For children between 9 and 14.

Fairy Tales. My Mabel Fuller Blodgett. Illustrated. (Boston and New York: Lamson, Wolfe & Co. 1896.) \$2.00. Cheerful fairy tales for little children.

Through Swamp and Glade. Illustrated. A tale of Seminole War. By Kirk Munroe. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1896.) \$1.25. A carefully written account of the troubles with the Indians in Florida. For older boys.

Stories of American Life and Adventure. Third reader grade. Illustrated. By Edward Eggleston. (New York, Cincinnati, Chicago: American Book Company.) 50 cents. Tales from the early history of America that are not generally found in children's books. For children under 12.

A Little Girl of Long Ago. By Eliza Orne White. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.) \$1.00. Episodes in the life of a little girl 70 years ago; interesting to little girls of 8 or 9 nowadays.

Domesticated Animals. Their relation to man and to his advancement in civilization. Illustrated. By N. S.

Shaler. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1895.) \$2.50.

Four-Handed Folk. Illustrated. By Olive Thorne Miller. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.) \$1.25. Accounts of pet animals, principally monkeys. For children over 9.

Three Little Daughters of the Revolution. Illustrated. By Nora Perry. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.) 75 cents. Three short stories of loyal little Americans. For readers between 9 and 14.

We Ten, or the Story of the Roses. By Barbara Yechton. Illustrated. (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1896.) \$1.50. The Roses are a family of ten motherless children between the ages of 17 and 5. A wholesome story of family life, suitable for girls over 13.

Man Who Married the Moon, and other Pueblo-Indian folk-stories. Illustrated. By Charles F. Lummis. (New York: The Century Company. 1894.) \$1.50. Interesting to all ages.

The Wonderful Wheel. By Mary Tracy Earle. (New York: The Century Company. 1896.) \$1.25. For children between 9 and 14. An unusual story, with lessons of helpfulness and love.

The Oregon Trail. Sketches of Rocky Mountain life. By Francis Parkman. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1895.) \$1.50. For boys of 12 years and over. A reprint.

Two Arrows. Illustrated. A story of Red and White. By W. O. Stoddard. (New York: Harper & Bros.) \$1.00. Gives an account of the early settlers and the Indians in the far West. An interesting story for boys from 9 to 14.

Boys of the Central. A high-school story. By I. T. Thurston. (Boston: A. I. Bradley & Co. 1896.) \$1.00. An excellent account of school life, with lessons of honesty and manliness. For boys from 12 to 14 years.

The Land of Pluck.—Stories and sketches for young folks. Illustrated. By Mary Mapes Dodge. (New York: —. 1894.) \$1.50. The first part is an account of Holland and its people, told in a most interesting way. The second part is a collection of stories of less value. Suitable for children from 12 to 15 years.

An Escape from the Tower. A story of the Jacobite rising of 1715. By

Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil prepared as a food. At the same time, it is a blood maker, a nerve tonic and an up-builder. But principally it is a food for tired and weak digestions; for those who are not getting the fat they should from their ordinary food; for children whom nothing seems to nourish; for all who are fat-starved and thin.

It is pleasant to take; at least, it is not unpleasant. Children like it and ask for more.

Some druggists have a "just as good" kind. Isn't the kind all others try to equal good enough for you to buy?

Emma Marshall. (New York: Macmillan Company. 1896.) \$1.25. The account of the rescue of Lord Nithsdale from imprisonment. Historically correct and a good picture of the times. For older readers.

Rick Dale. Illustrated. A story of the northwest coast. By Kirk Munroe. (New York: Harper Bros. 1896.) \$1.25. The adventures of two boys in and near Alaska. Full of hair breadth escapes. Manly and wholesome in tone. For boys between 9 and 14 years.

The Whispering Winds, and the tales that they told. By Mary H. Debenham. Illustrated. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1896.) \$1.00. For children between 9 and 14. Four stories poetically told, with helpful lessons.

At Agincourt, a tale of the WhitehooDs of Paris. By G. A. Henty. (New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons. 1896.) \$1.50. An historical story of the 15th century for older readers.

The Story of Aaron, so named, the Son of Ben Ali. Told by his friends and acquaintances. Illustrated. By Joel Chandler Harris. (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1896.) \$2.00. A sequel to little Mr. Thimblefinger. For children between 9 and 14. The story of a slave of Arab descent, told to three children in the South.

Comfort Pease and Her Gold Ring. By Mary E. Wilkins. (New York, Chicago and Toronto: Fleming H. Revell & Co. 1895.) 30 cents. An old-fashioned New England story for little girls.

The Laird's Legacy. By Mary H. Debenham. (New York: Thomas Whitaker. 1896.) Illustrated. \$1.00. For older readers. An attractive story of courage and fortitude; the scene is chiefly laid in France.

Notes and Comment.

The authorship of that bit of piquant frivolity, "The Epistolary Flirt," is the subject of much curiosity and speculation in literary and publishing circles. There is excellent reason to believe that this book was written by a woman—and a Boston woman at that! The opening pages of the volume furnish no clue to the motive prompting the author to exercise unusual precautions in concealing her identity from her publishers as well as from the public. But when the reader reaches the closing portions of the book—well, that's a very different matter!

The pages were set up in the composing room of the *Dial*, Chicago's journal of criticism, which is presided over by the genial and scholarly Francis F. Browne. The delay in getting proofs of "The Epistolary Flirt" were so vexatious that Mr. Browne was forced to make an investigation. He soon arrived at the true cause. The compositors had become so interested in the book that they were taking good care not to let a proof get out of the room before it had been read by "all hands." When the author of the volume sees fit to discover herself to the public she may learn of this unusual compliment. It is seldom that a manuscript is sufficiently interesting to be read entire by the printers who put it into type.

The War of the Standards: Coin and Credit versus Coin Without Credit. By Albion W. Tourgée. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Cloth. 75 cents. Pp. 130.) We do not regret that we have been unable to review this little volume until after the election. One can study the money question better when one is not excited by a political campaign. Judge Tourgée is a thoughtful writer, and this little essay on the money question presents what is in some respects the best argument for gold monometallism that we have seen. He frankly faces the fact that, although the production of gold has increased far more than that of silver, the later has depreciated and the former has not; and he makes an earnest effort to explain this fact in chapter viii. His explanation is, first, that "when the materials, one more desirable and the other less desirable for a particular use, are chiefly devoted to the same general purpose, an increased supply of one or both tends to the depreciation of the less desirable and does not seriously affect the more desirable until the supply of the latter becomes so abundant as to practically subserve the entire use to which both were originally applied;" and, secondly, that gold is preferable to silver "because it represents greater value with less bulk and weight." That he somewhat overestimates the importance of this last mentioned fact, and somewhat underestimates the effect of the government's action in giving a metal unlimited coinage and full legal tender value at a fixed ratio, we feel convinced; but he has done something to help gold and silver men to a common standing ground. In addition to his discussion of gold versus silver, Judge Tourgée has some positive recommendations to make as to the monetary policy of the nation after the gold standard has been confirmed. We advise candid students of the money question to read the book, but to read it in connection with such an argument for bimetalism as is contained in Nicholson's "Money and Monetary Problems."

Mornings in the College Chapel. By Francis Greenwood Peabody, D. D., Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. Pp. 223. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.25.) These are gleanings from the talks that followed each morning's Bible reading at Harvard University during one term. The quiet dignity and openness with which the religious bearings of daily life are here treated help to "a clearer sense of the simplicity and reality of religion." Every page is full of rationally presented religious thought, plain with healthy application to common experiences, and through it all glows the beauty of spirit that is the essence of true religion.

E. T. L.

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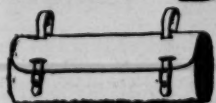
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GEORGE WILLIS COOKE.

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Old and New.

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Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Sunday School Children.

If the social well-being were palpably endangered to a like degree there would be measures inaugurated for protection. Who will found a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Sunday School Children?" There are many parents who hitherto have contented themselves with personally protesting, or boycotting a particular Sunday school, or perhaps trying to help in the Sunday school to which they have committed their children. These might welcome an opportunity of exerting wider influence through combined effort. One of the first things this society would have to do would be to blacklist those publishers who "offend" the little ones by putting on the market "helps" which are hindrances and appliances made for sale rather than for the children. For the sake of society we refuse to buy sweat-shop shirts. Why not for the same reason reject publications inferior and pernicious? There should be an Index Expurgatorious of Sunday school trash. In it parents and teachers should be able to find all publications having print too fine, paper too thin, pictures bad in theme and hideous in execution, and reading matter silly, "pious," and withal ill-favored. The "Index" should also contain many if not most of the "appliances" thought necessary in the running of a modern Sunday school. The following quotation, from a discriminating article by Julia E. Peck in the *Sunday School Times*, hits this point exactly. After relating the incident of the kindergarten child, who had heard stories about pitchers, sewed pitchers on cards, outlined pitchers with sticks, and finally was modeling pitchers in clay, but who finally dropped his clay pitcher, and leaning wearily back in his chair, said, with a dong-drawn sigh, "Oh, how I hate pitchers!" this writer says: "While wandering through the rooms containing primary appliances, at the International Convention in Boston, the incident of the pitchers came to my mind; for here on every side were lambs of all sizes and qualities,—woolly lambs packed in boxes, paper lambs fastened to charts by hooks in their backs, lambs outlined on blackboards, others pasted on picture maps, gamboling in company with tiny camels, shaped like deformed rocking horses. Is it possible, thought I, our children are saying among themselves, 'Oh, how I hate lambs?' For do we not sing of lambs, talk of lambs, give the children scissors to cut lambs from paper,—and to what end? What important truth, needed for their souls' salvation, are we overlooking while we 'fuss' with lambs?"....."Among all these appliances, covering tables and walls, there is much that is too good to lose. What shall we choose to copy? How shall we

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SOLD EVERYWHERE. BEWARE OF WORTHLESS IMITATIONS.

know useless from useful?" Akin to this lamb abuse is the blackboard nuisance. The vast majority of the blackboard hints sent out by publishers into a too friendly world are bad in form and void of good effect. They pervert the taste and blunt the sense of humor; and besides they crowd out better things. It were safer to put them all on the "Index" until the righteous few can show cause wherefore they should be taken off, than to go on "making blackboard ingenuities, dissolving from acrostic into enigma and from enigma into rhyme." "But," you say, "the children are interested in these things." True, and would be still more interested in posters and many other vulgar and glaring things. The law of interest is exclusive, not inclusive. It tells us what *not* to place before the children:—*Nothing that is not interesting; not everything that is interesting; not anything merely because it is interesting.*—*Review of Reviews for December.*

Starved to Death

in midst of plenty. Unfortunate, yet we hear of it. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is undoubtedly the safest and best infant food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

When She Comes Home.

When she comes again! A thousand ways
I fashion to myself the tenderness
Of my glad welcome. I shall tremble—
yes;
And touch her, as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared up-
raise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's
sweet distress;
Then silence; and the perfume of her
dress;
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soulsight, even—for a space;
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the
throat;
To know that I so ill deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing
note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

For Dyspepsia

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

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gastric disturbances."

The Strain and Stress of Life.

So many interests occupy women nowadays that we are prone to overlook the importance of simple, true living, or what may be called the value of everydayness. Who does not know the difficulty of proportioning one's time and strength to dust, puddings, missions, clothes and culture? How shall we learn to do little things in a large spirit and to see the divineness of drudgery? How realize that it is not small cares, but petty thoughts, which make a woman's life narrow? These are some of the questions which obtrude themselves in seasons of unrest, or when stimulating calls to outside service make us chafe against the confinement of home duties. A lady once showed a fine appreciation of relative values in her reply to the friend who asked: "Are you busy, and can you stop a moment?" She answered: "I am always busy, but I can always stop." Let us remind ourselves that we are free children of the eternities, not slaves to convention and fashion, and pray:

"Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace."

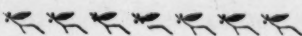
—Home Messenger.

Death From Use of Tobacco.

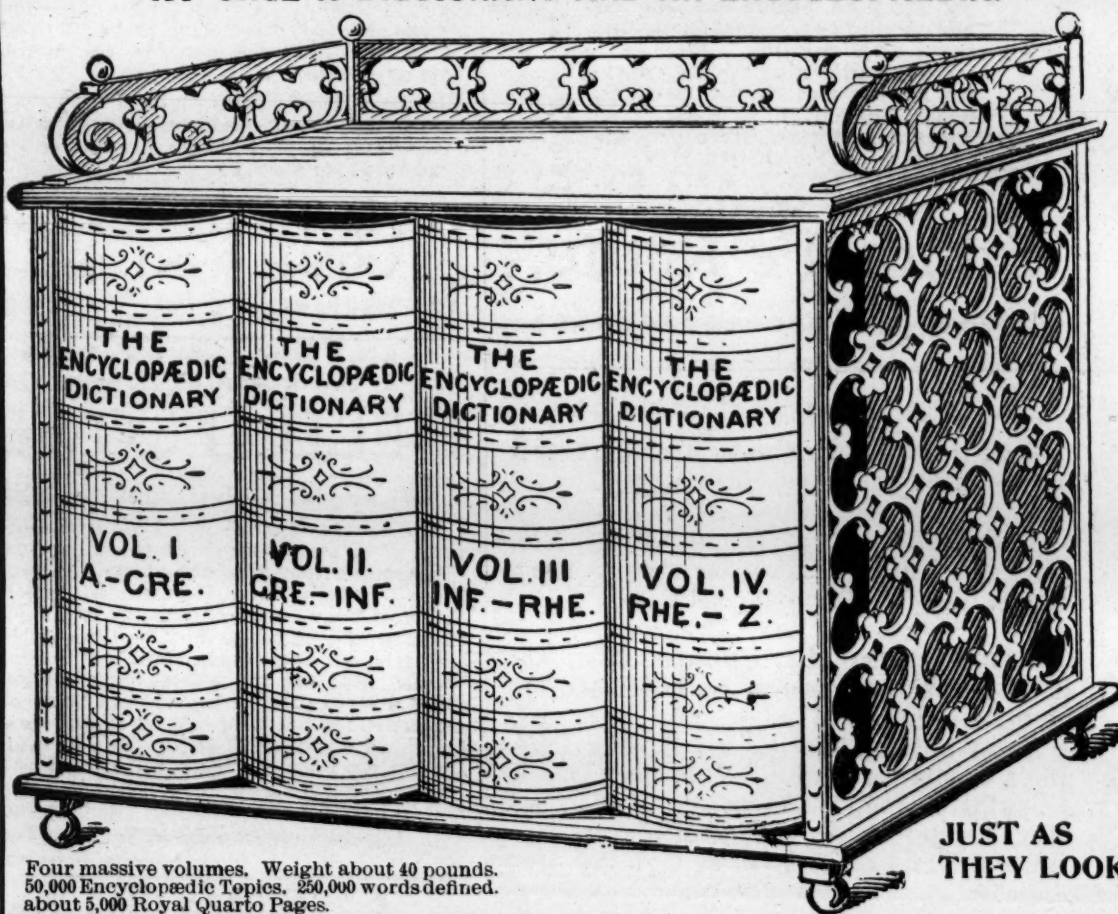
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